

DELL  
15¢

LAWMAN

# LAWMAN

Marshal Troop copes with a daring inventor who uses Laramie as a testing ground for a new explosive.

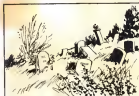


JOHN  
RUSSELL

PETER  
BROWN



We think of ghost towns as the result of rich veins of ore running out, causing prospectors to seek new strikes elsewhere. In Wyoming, however, many towns sprang up with the coming of the railroad and were deserted when the rail lines changed routes.



Only the cemetery is left to mark the site of Bryan, where once there stood busy machine shops and a large railroad roundhouse. Freightling was its big business. When the railroad straightened its tracks, Bryan was left a ghost town in the center of nowhere.



If the ghosts of towns long dead can be said to be attractive, Dillon certainly is everything one expects a ghost town to be. The bank is gone, but its old safe still sits amid the ruins. Its homes have rotted away, but old beds, tables, stoves, and crockery still haunt the old sites. Once a part of Wyoming's greatest mining boom, Dillon is a reminder of man's eternal search for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.



Once a rip-roaring town whose population grew to 3,000 in two weeks, Benton boasted of a daily newspaper and trains arriving and departing twice a day. Its main attraction was a huge frame building covered with canvas and floored for dancing.



In Tubb Town, there was noise twenty-four hours a day. Its first enterprise was a saloon, with the bar being constructed first and the building going up around it. But the town lasted only one year, and it became a ghost town in forty-eight hours.







ACROSS THE STREET, THE DISTRAUGHT INVENTOR IS THOUGHTFUL...

WHAT IF THE SENATOR WON'T LISTEN TO THE MARSHAL? WHAT NEXT...

MAYBE IF I SHOWED THEM BY ACTION, IT'D MEAN SOMETHING... MAYBE I CAN MAKE THEM COME TO THEIR SENSES BY **DOING** SOMETHING!

IN THE SENATOR'S HOTEL ROOM, DAN TROOP TRIES TO EXPLAIN THE CAUSE OF THE NEAR RIOT...

HE ONLY WANTS TO **TALK** WITH YOU... HE WROTE TO YOU...

YES, I RECALL QUITE CLEARLY HIS LETTERS... AND I DIDN'T DELIBERATELY IGNORE THEM... BUT THERE IS A PLACE TO DRAW THE LINE!

THE EXPLOSIVE HE TALKS ABOUT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE... **BLOW UP A MOUNTAIN, INDEED!**

BUT DOESN'T WE DESERVE A CHANCE?

DEPUTY, TRY TO UNDERSTAND... I GET LETTERS EVERY WEEK... EACH PROPOSING A NEW BILL, A NEW IDEA, OR SOME NEW INVENTION... I USED TO CHECK THEM OUT... TALK TO THE PEOPLE, BUT...

OUT OF FIVE HUNDRED SUCH PERSONS, ONLY ONE EVER OFFERED SOMETHING I COULD USE!... I JUST DON'T HAVE THE TIME!

WE UNDERSTAND, SENATOR!



NOBODY ELSE COULD  
HAVE DONE IT! I HAD  
TO SHOW THAT FOOL  
SENATOR MY  
INVENTION!

YOU SHOWED US,  
ALL RIGHT... BUT  
IT'S GOING TO COST  
YOU A LOT OF MONEY,  
MISTER!



LOOK AT THE  
REAR WALL OF  
OUR JAIL!

AND THE  
PRISONERS  
ARE GONE!



INVENTION OR NO INVENTION, YOU'VE  
CAUSED US NOTHING BUT TROUBLE! IN  
ADDITION TO THE DAMAGE YOU'VE SET  
FREE DUKE HALL AND BART ARKON!

THEY WERE TWO OF THE MOST  
WANTED MEN IN THIS  
TERRITORY... AND ONE  
FOR TRIAL NEXT WEEK!



GOSH, MARSHAL... I  
SURE DIDN'T INTEND  
DOING THAT!

WHAT'S  
HAPPENED  
HERE?



ONLY TOOK ONE LITTLE OLD  
PACKAGE OF MY EXPLOSIVE,  
SENATOR! TWO PACKAGES,  
AND I COULD HAVE BLOWN  
THIS TOWN CLEAR TO THE  
MOON!

MOST  
AMAZING  
THING  
I'VE EVER  
SEEN!



I DEFINITELY WANT TO TALK  
TO YOU FURTHER ABOUT THIS,  
MR. FRANKLIN... YOU DO  
DESERVE A HEARING!

WOOPEE!  
WOOPEE!







EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

THIS CATCHING  
OUTLAWS WON'T  
TAKE MORE 'N A  
DAY OR SO,  
WILL IT?

DEPENDS ON WHICH  
WAY THEY HEADED...  
WHETHER THEY HAVE  
GUNS...AND WHETHER  
THEY PUT UP A FIGHT!



LATER ...

GUESS THE QUESTION  
NOW IS ... WHICH WAY  
DID THEY GO?

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



NICE, CLEAR TRACKS  
... THEY'VE HEADED  
SOUTH!

SAY, THAT'S RIGHT  
SMART TO FIGURE  
ALL THAT OUT JUST  
BY LOOKIN' AT THE  
GROUND!



HOW DO YOU KNOW  
THERE WEREN'T  
OTHER HORSES  
GOIN' THIS WAY?

THOSE PRISONERS  
RODE OUT OF TOWN ON  
TWO HORSES THEY  
STOLE FROM A  
FRIEND OF OURS...



THEY'RE SADDLED WITH  
SPECIAL SHOES... THAT  
HAVE HIS X-B BRAND IN  
THE IRON ... IT MAKES  
THE TRACKS EASIER  
TO FOLLOW...

POSSOONE,  
THAT'S REAL  
CLEVER!



GUESS A LAWMAN HAS TO  
PUT AS MUCH THINKING INTO  
HIS WORK AS AN INVENTOR  
DOES INTO HIS... ALWAYS  
KIND OF THOUGHT MARSHALS  
AND SHERIFFS WERE JUST  
LUCKY!

AT LEAST  
YOU'RE  
HONEST!



HOURS LATER...

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN NOW, BOYS... I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE GETTING CLOSE!

THEY PROBABLY SET UP CAMP IN THIS CANYON!



SUDDENLY...

ZING!

TAKE COVER!



LOOKS LIKE THIS WON'T BE AN EASY JOB...

THEY'VE GOT US PINNED DOWN HERE GOOD!



MOVE EITHER DIRECTION, WE'RE EASY TARGETS!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT IT OUT... THEY CAN'T HAVE TOO MUCH AMMUNITION, ONLY WHAT WAS IN THE SADDLEBAGS OF THOSE HORSES THEY TOOK!



BUT THERE'S A PASS JUST AHEAD OF THEM! THEY COULD PULL OUT AT ANY TIME AND WE MIGHT NOT AVOID IT, UNLESS...



UNLESS WHAT, MR. TROOP?

IF ONE OF US COULD GET UP THAT SLOPE, WE COULD STOP THEM!



WHAT GOOP COULD  
ONE OF US DO THERE?

MR. FRANKLIN, DIDN'T YOU SAY  
YOU COULD'VE BLOWN LARAMIE  
TO THE MOON?

WELL, I WAS JOSHIN' YOU,  
MARSHAL... I WOULDN'T  
HAVE REALLY DONE IT!



YOU HAVE ANY  
MORE OF THOSE  
"LITTLE PACKAGES"  
ON YOU?

SURE... GOT TWO IN  
MY SADDLEBAG!



ONE SHOULD BE ENOUGH!  
IF WE CAN BLOCK THAT PASS,  
WE'LL AT LEAST KEEP THEM  
WITHIN FIGHTING RANGE!

GOOP! I'LL  
CLIMB UP  
THERE AN'  
TOSS ONE  
OVER!



I'LL DO THE TOSSING,  
MR. FRANKLIN... AND  
I'LL GO GET THE  
AMMUNITION!

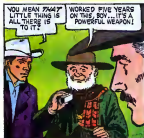
WHATEVER YOU SAY,  
MARSHAL, BUT I'D  
SURE LIKE TO HELP  
YOU!



DAN RUNS TOWARD OSCAR  
FRANKLIN'S HORSE...

YOU ARE!  
COVER ME!

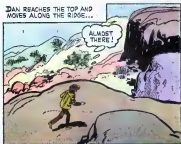




JOHNNY HAWK AND OSCAR FRANKLIN DRAW THE OUTLAWS' FIRE...



DAN REACHES THE TOP AND MOVES ALONG THE RIDGE...



ABOVE THE PASS, HE ATTACHES THE FUSE...



SECONDS LATER, THE CANYON ERUPTS WITH A ROAR...



RIGHT WITH YOU,  
DEPUTY!

AT LEAST NOW THEY'RE  
THE ONES TRAPPED! THEY  
HAVE ONLY ONE WAY  
TO RUN!

**CRACKY!**

YEAH... FROM  
TWO SIDES! I'LL  
GET THE ONE!

**BUT JOHNNY SEES DAN'S DANGER AND FIRES ON THE RUN...**

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PLAN



THANKS JOHNNY!

SECONDS LATER, THE FIGHT IS OVER...



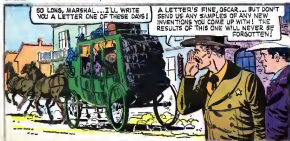
WELL, MARSHAL... IT DIDN'T TAKE SO LONG, AFTER ALL!

THANKS TO YOUR INVENTION, WE SEALED THEIR ESCAPE ROUTE! MADE IT MUCH EASIER!

LATER, BACK IN LARAMIE...

YESSIR, OSCAR, MY BOY... IT'S A PLEASURE TO HAVE 'YOU TRAVELIN' WITH ME!

LOOKS LIKE YOUR STABLE SLEEPING DAYS ARE OVER, MR. FRANKLIN... GOOD LUCK!



SO LONG, MARSHAL... I'LL WRITE YOU A LETTER ONE OF THESE DAYS!

A LETTER'S FINE, OSCAR... BUT DON'T SEND US ANY SAMPLES OF ANY NEW INVENTIONS YOU COME UP WITH! THE RESULTS OF THIS ONE WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN!



# A DEAL IS A DEAL



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Sam Healer, the richest man in town, made his money from overpriced goods in his mercantile store and from slightly shady real estate deals. Sam's good wife was deeply concerned with his dealings, but she was unable to convince him of the wisdom of strict honesty. She became further distressed when Sam sold the worthless Gulch Claim to Bart Kramer.

Bart paid Sam two thousand dollars for the claim, hoping to make a strike that would enable him to buy a small ranch where he could settle down and live quietly.

After fruitless weeks of searching his claim for gold, Bart became discouraged. Finally, he quit mining and began raising ducks, for the creek on his claim offered an ideal location.

When the first ducks were ready for the market, Bart brought two of his finest birds into Healer's store.

"Sure, I'll buy them," Sam agreed. "They are fine birds, but you should be working your claim instead of raising ducks. You'll never get rich selling them for twenty-five cents a head."

"Ducks just raise themselves along the creek," Bart replied. "It's no use working that claim. I wish I had my money back."

"But a deal is a deal," Sam spoke curtly, handing Bart twenty cents for each duck instead of the twenty-five he had asked.

At home, Sam's wife agreed to roast the ducks, provided Sam prepare them. A short time later, the task done, Sam hurried back to his store, hoping to catch Bart before he left town. Sam was in luck.

"Bart," Sam approached him, "you said you wished you had your money back for your claim... well, I'll buy it back from you for a thousand dollars. How about it?"

"Why, that's just half what I paid you for it," Bart protested.

"All right then, I'll give you exactly two thousand," Sam raised his price.

Bart shook his head, "I reckon I'll keep it. Good place to raise ducks."

"Well, you can't refuse double, so here's four thousand," Sam almost shouted, as he opened his safe to get the money.

"Sold!" Bart replied. "Let's close the deal, and I'll go move off the claim."

That evening, after Sam had relished the duck dinner, he gleefully showed his wife five small gold nuggets, explaining that he had found them in the crests of the ducks that he had bought from Bart.

"Some place along the creek on that claim there's gold right on top of the ground," Sam said avidly. "I'll make a fortune!"

"But you don't own it," his wife said.

"But I do," Sam chorried. "I paid Bart a good price for it... twice what he paid me."

The next day, while Sam was at his store, Bart went to see Mrs. Healer.

"I've brought you another duck for Sam," he said. Then with some hesitation he added, "But I don't feel right about the kind of deal I've made."

"Please don't feel guilty," Sam's wife consoled Bart, as she took five glistening gold nuggets from her pocket. "It was my idea, and I'm sure we have done Sam a good turn. Besides, you can buy your ranch now."

That evening, as Mrs. Healer served Sam another duck dinner, she told him how she had given Bart the five gold nuggets to feed to his ducks and that she was the instigator of the scheme. As expected, Sam's anger welled up at once.

"How could you do such a thing to me!" he shouted. "I'm going to get my money back!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Sam's wife retorted. "Remember—a deal is a deal... even if you are on the losing end!"

Then she added gently, "I'm sorry, Sam... but I thought you should know how it feels to be cheated."

Sam nodded. "And from now on," he said, "all my deals will be fair deals."

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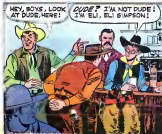
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# THE DUDE









# LAWMAN THE INHERITANCE



MY OLD UNCLE JOE DIED BACK EAST... LEFT ME HIS WHOLE FORTUNE! THIS PAPER'S FROM A LAWYER... SAYS HE'LL BE THROUGH LARAMIE IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS AND I'LL DELIVER THE CHECK IN PERSON!

WHOOPEE!

THAT'S JUST GREAT, JASON!

I AGREE! GUESS WE'LL OVERLOOK YOUR DISTURBING THE PEACE THIS TIME!

THANKS, MARSHAL! YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO ME... LET ME SLEEP IN THE JAIL WHEN I HAD NO PLACE TO GO...



AND I'M NOT ~~FORGETTING~~ IT! NO, SIR... I'M GONNA BUILD YOU A NEW JAIL, AND BUY YOU SOME NEW COPS... A NEW HORSE, TOO!

NOW ABOUT YOU, JASON? YOU NEED SOME NEW COPS, TOO! CHARGE ALL YOU WANT AT MY STORE!

NOW ABOUT THAT HORSE YOU WERE LOOKING AT, JASON? IT'S ALL YOURS IF YOU WANT IT!

WELL, NOW... LOOKS LIKE I GOT A HEAP OF FRIENDS ALL OF A SUDDEN!



WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN YOUR FRIENDS, JASON! JUST TOOK US A WHILE TO REALIZE IT!

THAT MONEY ~~SCAMP~~ MADE A DIFFERENCE, DIDN'T IT, MR. TROOP?

I JUST HOPE JASON DOESN'T GET CARRIED AWAY... SOMETIMES MONEY BRINGS NOTHING BUT TROUBLE!





AT THE JIMSON RANCH, A SHORT TIME LATER, JAKE HEARS THE NEWS...

...AND, PA, JASON'S PLUM RICH AS HE CAN BE!

RICH, HUNT WE SURE COULD USE SOME OF THAT MONEY!

BUT HOW COULD WE GET HOLD OF ANY OF IT, PA?

I HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU, IKE... A BIG SURPRISE! DO YOU KNOW WHO JASON PLUMLY *REALLY* IS?

RIGHT NOW HE'S A RICH OLD SADDLE TRAMP, PA!

HE'S MORE THAN THAT, SON! HE'S MY COUSIN! COUPLE OF YEARS AGO WHEN WE THOUGHT JASON HAD DISCOVERED A GOLD MINE, I DID SOME CHECKIN' ON HIM!

I FOUND OUT HE WAS RELATED, BUT WHEN HIS MINE WAS A FALSE ALARM, I DIDN'T WANT TO CLAIM KIN WITH THE OLD VAMMINT!

HOW'S IT GONNA HELP TO CLAIM IT NOW, PA?

WE'RE HIS *ONLY* LIVING RELATIVES! IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM, HIS PROPERTY AND MONEY WOULD BE BOUND TO COME TO US!

BUT WE CAN'T KILL HIM, PA! THAT'D BE BAD!

WE WON'T KILL HIM, BOY! THAT OLD GOAT IS GONNA BE PUT AWAY FOR BEING LOOD!

THAT WON'T MEAN YOU GET HIS MONEY... WOULD IT?

A MAN WHO DOES CRAZY THINGS  
ISN'T FIT TO HANDLE HIS OWN  
MONEY! THE LAW HAS TO STEP IN  
AND PROTECT HIM! AND AS HIS  
ONLY KIN, I'D GET CONTROL TO  
LOOK AFTER HIS MONEY AND  
INTERESTS!



BUT, JASON'S NOT LOCO, PA!  
HE'S KIND OF WILD SOMETIMES,  
BUT HE'S NORMAL!

NOT WHEN WE GET  
THROUGH FIXING THINGS,  
HE WON'T BE! LISTEN...



THAT NIGHT, MARSHAL TROOP ANSWERS A  
KNOCK AT THE DOOR OF HIS OFFICE ...

WHO IS IT,  
MR. TROOP?

NOSBODY'S HERE, BUT THEY LEFT  
A PACKAGE WITH A NOTE ON IT!



CANDY!

LISTEN TO THIS: "SUGAR  
IS SWEET, SO IS CANDY!  
IT'S GOOD TO HAVE A  
DEPUTY THAT'S HANDY!"  
SIGNED, "JASON PLUMBY!"



GUESS THE  
OLD MAN  
LIKES YOU,  
JOHNNY!

BUT IT WAS YOU  
HE WAS GOING  
TO OUTFIT IN NEW  
DUDDS, MR.  
TROOP!



THE NEXT MORNING...

THANKS FOR  
THE CANDY!

WHAT  
CANDY?

HE'S TALKING ABOUT THE  
BIG BOX OF CANDY YOU  
HAD DELIVERED TO THE  
JAIL LAST NIGHT!



YOUR  
NAME  
WAS ON  
THE  
NOTE!

WELL, THEN...SUESS I  
SENT YOU THE CANDY!  
DOGGONE, WHEN I  
COULD REMEMBER  
DOING IT, THOUGH!



LATER THAT DAY, AT JASON'S  
SHACK OUTSIDE OF LARAMIE...



WE'LL FIX UP THE DIRT SO THERE'S  
NO SIGN OF OUR TRACKS... THEN  
WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE!

RIGHT,  
PA!



LATER...

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, JASON?

IT'S MY SHACK, MARSHAL! IT'S  
TURNED ITSELF  
CLEAR AROUND!



I'M NOT FOOLIN', MR. TROOP!  
I WAS JUST OUT THERE! IT  
USED TO FACE EAST - AND  
NOW IT'S FACING WEST!

NOW, JASON, MAYBE  
YOU JUST DON'T  
REMEMBER THE WAY  
IT REALLY FACES!

THAT'S RIGHT! A MAN'S ENTITLED  
TO FORGET A LITTLE... ESPECIALLY  
WHEN HE'S SO EXCITED ABOUT HIS  
SUDDEN WEALTH!

WELL, BEFORE  
YOU FORGET  
ANY MORE,  
JASON...





HERE'S THAT DOLLAR I OWE YOU!

HUH? YOU DON'T OWE ME ANY DOLLAR, JAKE JIMSON!



YOU LOANED IT TO ME YESTERDAY! AND AS FOR YOUR SHACK, THE LAST TIME I WAS OUT THERE, IT WAS *RACING WEST!* WE WATCHED THE SUN SET FROM THE FRONT DOOR!

IS THAT RIGHT?



POSSIBLY, I GUESS THIS MONEY IS MAKING ME DIZZY OR SOMETHING! I JUST DON'T REMEMBER THOSE THINGS!



TOO BAD ABOUT POOR OLD JIMSON! A MAN THAT FORGETFUL HAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIS MIND! SURE A SHAME TO LET HIM HANDLE ALL THAT MONEY!

OH, I THINK HE'LL MANAGE!



WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. TROOP?

I DON'T KNOW! JIMSON SEEMS DISTURBED, BUT JAKE JIMSON COULD BE ENCOURAGING IT! I'M ALWAYS SUSPICIOUS OF ANYTHING A JIMSON MIGHT SAY OR DO!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

HOW DOES IT LOOK NOW, PA?

NOT SO GOOD... WE'VE DONE AT LEAST TEN THINGS TO MAKE THAT OLD COOT LOOK GOOD... BUT THE MARSHAL'S NOT DOING ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

THAT LAWYER WILL BE HERE SOON! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO CONVINCE THE WHOLE TOWN THAT JASON'S NOT FIT TO HANDLE A SINGLE DOLLAR!



THE NEXT DAY, JAKE WITNESSES AN ARGUMENT...

BUT I DIDN'T MEAN IT, JASON!

IT'S NO USE BUTTERING ME UP NOW, PETE! YOU WOULDN'T LOAN ME A HORSE FROM YOUR STABLE WHEN I NEEDED IT...



AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING MY BUSINESS NOW! WHY, ONCE I WAS SO MAD AT YOU I THOUGHT OF BUSTING YOUR STABLE TO PIECES! STILL FEEL THAT WAY!

EASY, FELLOWS!



NOW, BREAK IT UP... MAKE UP AND BE FRIENDS!

I'M NOT MAKING UP WITH THAT HO-BOUND ...NOT EVER!



JUST DON'T COME AROUND ME LOOKING FOR A HANDOUT, PETE! 'CAUSE YOU WON'T GET IT FROM ME!

THIS IS PERFECT ...JUST WHAT I NEED!



THAT NIGHT...

THIS'LL FIX IT GOOD! EVERYONE HEARD THAT FIGHT TODAY!

DO I LIGHT THE FIRE NOW, PAT?



GO AHEAD, SON! THIS WILL MAKE  
MARSHAL TROOP CHANGE HIS WAY OF  
THINKING! HE'LL KNOW JASON'S  
AS LOOD AS A COYOTE!



AT THAT MOMENT...

LOOK! THE  
JIMSONS!

THEY'RE GOING TO  
SET FIRE TO PETE'S  
STABLE!



COME ON, JOHNNY! WE'VE  
GOT TO STOP THEM!



OOOR!

THIS'LL STOP YOU, JAKE!



HOLD THEM, JOHNNY! ANOTHER FEW  
MINUTES AND THERE'D BE NO STOPPING  
THIS FIRE!



WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?

LOOKS LIKE THE JIMSONS  
WERE BEHIND ALL THOSE  
FORGETFUL THINGS OF  
YOURS, JASON!

BUT,  
WHY?



**JAKE JIMSON FULLY CONFESSES  
HIS SELFISH SCHEME...**

**"SECOND COUNTRY?"**  
WELL, GODSONE! THAT  
MEANS I HAVE KINFOLK  
AFTER ALL!

YOU'D BE BETTER  
OFF, JASON, WITH  
A BATTLESHAKE  
FOR A COUSIN!



NO, SIR, THAT'S NOT TRUE!  
MAM'S GOT TO STICK BY HIS  
KIN, NO MATTER WHAT!

YOU'RE NOT MAD  
AT US? YOU  
WON'T PRESS  
CHARGES?



THEY ONLY WANTED MY  
MONEY! THAT'S NO CRIME  
...EVERYBODY WAS AFTER  
IT, ANYWAY! MAYBE I  
CAN MAKE A DEAL WITH  
MY COUSINS!

JASON, DON'T  
BE A FOOL!



YOU OWN SOME PROPERTY  
DOWN BY THE RIVER,...  
SECTION OF LAND I'VE  
HAD MY EYE ON FOR A  
LONG TIME...

THAT'S THE  
BEST LAND WE  
HAVE, JASON!



SUPPOSE I JUST GIVE YOU HALF  
OF MY INHERITANCE...AND YOU GIVE  
ME THAT LAND AND PAY UP THE  
BILLS I'VE RUN UP IN TOWN THE  
LAST FEW DAYS! BEEN CHASING  
A GOOD BIT HERE IN LARAMIE!

IT'S A  
BARGAIN,  
JASON!

IT'S YOUR MONEY, JASON...AND IF  
IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY, GO AHEAD,  
BUT ONLY SO LONG AS IT'S ON PAPER!  
*SIGNED AND LEGAL!*



THE NEXT DAY...

THERE YOU ARE,  
JASON!

I STILL THINK IT'D BE  
BETTER IF WE'D JUST ARREST  
JAKE AND JEE! THEY'RE  
JUST TROUBLEMAKERS!

I'M DELISED YOU DON'T, DEPUTY!  
EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE MEAN,  
CRANKY, AND CROOKED, THEY  
ARE MY OWN KIN!

THE BIG DAY FINALLY ARRIVES...

I'M LOOKING FOR  
MR. JASON PLUMLY,  
GENTLEMEN!

THAT'S WHO YOU'RE  
LOOKING AT,  
MISTER!

WELL, JOHNNY, JASON'S INHERITANCE  
HAS CAUSED HIM NOTHING BUT TROUBLE.  
I'M GLAD HE'S FINALLY GETTING THE  
MONEY! WHEN IT'S GONE, EVERYTHING  
WILL GET BACK  
TO NORMAL!

I'M AFRAID THIS CHECK WILL BE A  
DISAPPOINTMENT, MR. PLUMLY! MY  
SECRETARY MADE A MISTAKE IN  
THAT LETTER! SHE PUT DOWN  
\$50,000  
INSTEAD OF  
THE \$500,000  
IT REALLY  
IS!

WELL, \$250,000 IS  
BETTER'N NOTHING,  
COUSIN! I'LL HELP  
BUILD ME A LITTLE  
SHACK ON THAT  
RIVER PROPERTY  
YOU SOLD TO ME!

OH, NOOO!  
MY BEST  
LAND!

YOU TRIED TO START  
A FIRE, JAKE! AND  
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU  
GOT BURNED!



## LAWMAN

## FRONTIER SOLDIER



As settlements cropped up in the West, there was a great need for law and order. United States marshals had an important job to do, and the frontier soldiers of the United States Army had the unique task of protecting the early settlers from the Indians and the Indians from their white aggressors.



Most of the new recruits knew very little about fighting weapons, so rifle practice was held daily. When they could hit within the target area four times out of six at a distance of a hundred yards, they were considered ready for action.



The permanent forts, which were "home" to the frontier soldier, consisted of log buildings surrounded by a high stockade. In addition to the men's quarters, there were stables and warehouses, as well as a hospital, guardhouse, and storekeeper's shop.



Much of the life of the frontier soldier consisted of long, dreary marches across uncharted territory to establish new posts. Often, however, these expeditions were enlivened by skirmishes with attacking bands of Indians.



As a change from the tedious routine of inspections, drills, and roll calls, the frontier soldiers entertained themselves with horse racing, ball games, and, in winter, ice skating on a rink made by damming up a nearby stream.

## LAWMAN

## QUICKSAND



One of the perils which faced men on both sides of the law was a pitfall of nature. An outlaw on the run or a lawman in pursuit were always in dread of stepping into a bog of quicksand.



Struggling against the overpowering quicksand only made matters worse. With no way to get a foothold in this mass, straining to get free increased the weight placed on the feet and drove them deeper and deeper.



Animals, as well as humans, were often helpless victims of quicksand. Once they put their weight on this mixture of sand and water, their only chance of escape was rescue by a mounted cowboy.



This was a dangerous job for both man and mount. Quite naturally, the cow was wild with fear, and her fighting could easily drag her rescuers into the bog with her before the horse could get a footing.



Once the cow had been pulled free of the quicksand, her worries were over...and the cowboy's began! Free at last, the fear-crazed beast might turn upon her rescuers, pointing out her gratitude with her sharp horns.

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